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Letting Down.

From the Illinois State Journal.] Either the late rebels of the South expect to control Mr. Greeley's administration and mould him to their own purposes, in case he is elected, or their humility and forgiving spirit exceeds all christian example. Only a few years ago, just before the war, a gentleman of our acquaintance, visiting a city in Arkansas on business, was called upon by a friend, a gentleman of great kindness of heart and moderation of sentiment, who was himself a slaveholder. During the call our friend busied himself in unpacking his trunk. Unrolling a package, he threw the paper in which it was "done up" upon the floor.

"Colonel," said the old gentleman, stooping forward with an anxious look, "what paper is that?"

"That," said our friend, turning it over to find the heading, "oh, it is the New York Tribune!"

"Well," said the other in a low, cautioning tone, "there is a great deal of excitement among our people, and if it should get out that you had brought that paper into this State, it might cause you serious trouble. To be sure we are your friends, and could protect you from violence, but it would embarrass us all very seriously. Won't you just put it out of sight and destroy it before it is seen?"

"Certainly, certainly. I did not notice or care what paper I wrapped my new coat in," and the Tribune went into the stove forthwith, and Horace Greeley would have been hanged or burned in less than an hour had he been there himself.

And had Greeley's advice been followed, when he wished for a separation and the perpetuation of slavery, rather than war to save the Union, he could not to-day set his foot in a slave State without being instantly murdered. This shows how well it was that he was not President instead of Lincoln, and had not enough influence to secure the success of the Rebellion. For now, in spite of himself, the Tribune may circulate in Southern States—he may even travel there in safety—and what is more strange, the very men who would murder him to-day, had he had his way in securing their success, are ready to vote for him.

It is a blessed thing to know; a consummation it is difficult to realize, that the press is untrammelled—that newspapers may go anywhere and be

openly read—that abolitionists and Yankees may travel in Southern States; but is Mr. Greeley to be thanked for it?

The question recurs—do these people expect to use Mr. Greeley, or have they really become so suddenly lamb-like? If the last, they have indeed, "accepted the situation" with a vengeance. The colored folks, who know the temper of their old masters, seem to understand that it is the candidate who yields, for they vote against him.

A Thrilling Adventure.

The Nashville Union says: When contumely is sought to be given a person the name of a dog is often used, and yet this brute, most frequently of any other, is man's best friend and faithful protector. Wednesday afternoon as Mrs. W. G. Woodruff was in her yard near the race track, she saw a mad dog making toward her, evidently desirous of making an attack. Being some distance from the house—too far, in fact, to reach the door before the mad dog could seize her, the affrighted lady thought of her own faithful dog, which she called to her assistance. Hearing the scream and call of her mistress, the dog, with an alacrity which seemed to spring from a consciousness of impending danger, bounded forward in time to attack the mad dog, just as the infuriated beast was about to seize Mrs. Woodruff. Now ensued a conflict between the two dogs which lasted two or three minutes, enabling Mrs. Woodruff to get into her house and shut the door. It was doubtful which would prove the mastery, when a colored man came to the scene of conflict. No sooner had he neared the dogs than the rabid one attacked the colored man, who, having picked up a fence rail, defended himself as best he could. It was with difficulty he kept clear of the dog, which endeavored to spring upon him, but was finally felled to the ground and killed by the colored man. Mrs. Woodruff's faithful animal was badly bitten and considerably worsened, though it had saved the life of his mistress. Subsequently this dog gave evidence of hydrophobia, and it was found necessary to kill the animal which had saved a human being from a horrible fate.

"Dat ish goot."—The following laughable story we find in the Copy Book:

As a gentleman from New York was taking a glass of wine at the "St. Louis," corner of Freeman and Hopkins street Cincinnati, about three weeks ago, he observed at another table, with several others, a German who seemed uneasy and anxious, as if there might have a Franco-Prussian disturbance between the beer and himself. Presently in ran a little girl, her face radiant with smiles, exclaiming:

"Oh, father! we've got a little baby at home!"

"Dat ish goot," said the Dutchman, as the anxiety disappeared from his countenance. "Fill up der glasses!"

Not many minutes elapsed before in rushed the little girl again with the announcement:

"Oh, Father! we've got two little boys at home!"

The Dutchman looked a great deal astonished, and not at all satisfied at this little family redundancy; but rising at length to the magnitude of the occasion, he said:

"Vell, den, dat is also goot. Fill up der glasses!"

In a few minutes again appeared the radiant messenger, with the astounding proclamation:

"Oh, Father! we've got three little boys at home!"

This was too much even for Teutonic impossibilities. There was no further call for glasses.

"Vell, den," says he, "I goes up dere and STOP DER WHOLE PIZINESS!"

At a recent spiritual sitting there was present a woman who mourned the loss of her consort; and as the manifestation began to respond, the spirit of the departed Benedict appeared upon the scene. Of course the Widow was now anxious to engage in conversation with the absent one, and the following dialogue ensued:

Widow—"Are you in the spirit world?"

The Lamented—"I am."

Widow—"How long have you been there?"

The Lamented—"Oh, some time."

Widow—"Don't you want to come back and live with your lonely wife?"

The Lamented—"Not if I know myself! I'm hot enough here."

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An Historical Parallel.

[From the Oregonian.]

Prior to the year 1812 the old Federal party had been successively defeated in three Presidential elections. For twelve years they had been excluded from power. For the same period the Democratic party has been out of power. In the year 1812 opposition arose in the dominant party to the reelection of President Madison. That opposition was led by De Witt Clinton, of New York, a man with large ability and experience, a statesman of wide celebrity, whose talent and character commanded universal respect. A large section of the party was opposed to the reelection of Madison. They claimed that it would be disastrous to force him on the party a second time. The Democracy contained a peace party and a war party. There was an anti-administration split-off. Prominent men, Senators and Representatives in Congress, leading politicians in various parts of the country, deserted Madison. Foremost among them was Senator Giles, of Madison's own State (Virginia) a man of great power. These anti-administration elements tried to prevent the re-nomination of General Grant, and failed. They then bolted and nominated a candidate of their own. This candidate was De Witt Clinton. The old Federal party then occupied precisely the position that the Democratic party occupy now. Long out of power, they thought they really saw their opportunity. They gathered in New York to nominate candidates. Clinton was urged upon them. It was a bitter pill, for Clinton had always been a Democrat of the Jefferson school. The question was whether it would be possible to swallow Clinton for the sake of victory. Finally the old traditions of the party were laid upon the altar. "Anything to beat Madison" proved the successful war cry, and Clinton was endorsed for President, with Jared Ingersoll for Vice President. Thus the canvass of 1812 presents a complete analogue of the canvass of 1872, only then the split off was from the Democracy and the "Feds" furnished the "big end" of the transaction.

The campaign was an unusually exciting one, but the outcome was a triumph for the "electorals." Madison received of the electoral vote 128, Clinton 89 while Gerry as Vice President received 131 and Ingersoll 86.

The "Liberal" Democratic movement of 1812 was precisely analogous to the "Liberal Republican" movement of to-day. The Federalists "endorsed" the bolt and accepted its candidate, precisely as the Democrats have done now. Nothing is wanting to complete the parallel but the defeat of the combination now, as it was defeated then. This final act will be consummated in November. A party which abandons its principles for the sake of expediency, invariably comes to grief. It was so with the Federal party in 1812; it was so with the Whig party in 1852; and will be so with the Democratic party in 1872.

Stokes.

The New York papers are full of particulars of the killing of Fisk. The jury is a model, being composed of men who cannot read the papers, who hear no news, who see nothing, who have no opinions, and without sufficient sense or independence to have opinion—stupid, ignorant and senseless. That is the only kind of men that are fit for juries, according to the notions of the New York criminal courts.

Then the counsel who defends criminals in New York are often as ruffianly as their clients. McKoon is coarse, brutal and vindictive. Snapping at opposing counsel with a bull-dog's ferocity, covertly insulting the court, and badgering and abusing witnesses as if they were the originals. Who does not remember the long continued ferocity and swaggering with which Graham defended McFarland? The fact is, New York has the most hardened villains in the world—in the prisoner's dock, at the bar, and on the bench—and quite too many at large. Stokes killed one of the number. Now let the rest hang Stokes.—Ez.

Every column of a newspaper contains from twelve to fifteen thousand distinct pieces of metal, the displacement of any one would cause a typographical error. And yet some people lay claim to remarkable smartness if they can discover an error in a newspaper. When such people find a word with a wrong letter in it, they are so sure they could spell that single word right that they are happy the whole day.

Henry Wilson.

The *Alta* has the following: "If there is one man prominent as a politician and a statesman who deserves to escape the vituperous breath of the political assassin, that man is Senator Wilson of Massachusetts. If there is one man in Congress more-deserving of the term self-made, it is Henry Wilson. For so many years holding a seat in the Senate as one of Massachusetts' representative men, connected with all the stirring events of the passing decades, aiding by word and work, by influence and example, the Government in its struggles against a gigantic rebellion, passing years of his life in the very vortex of corruption and debauchery, temptation and crime, without ever having even suspicion itself point its finger at his exact and intimate ought against his aim integrity; and after so many years of public service, helping out his limited salary by occasional public lectures, having through all those years and opportunities passed without speculating, through his position, to the amount of a dollar—to now, in the years of venerable age, because his fellow countrymen have seen fit to present him as a candidate for the second office under the Government, be abused because some seventeen years ago he was a member of the Know-Nothing Party, would appear to any fair mind an outrage upon common sense and common honesty.—*Alta*."

ABOUT WHISKERS.—The Hillsboro (North Carolina) Review gives us this bit of information concerning whiskers:

Did you know that in 1816 a pair of whiskers or such a thing as a mustache was abominated in this section? We know a prominent gentleman of this town who says he never saw a man with a beard till 1850; that his father, as other old gentlemen of the town, never wore a whisker, but shaved every morning, and taught their children that "whiskers were an abomination and a sin." He says that at Chapel Hill, in 1816, a young gentleman came from Raleigh (and now a prominent citizen of that city) made a weak attempt to raise a mustache, and it raised such a commotion that the faculty took hold of it and sent the Rev. Dr. Deems, now of New York, and then one of the Board, to the young man to reason with him, and get him to shave his upper lip. The Dr. appealed to the young man, for the sake of his sainted father, to cut it off, and if not for his sake, for God's sake to cut it off. And the hairs disappeared. Only sports and circus riders wore whiskers in those days. Our informant now wears a heavy beard, and is not a little proud of his mustache. How times do change.

A BIT OF IRONY.—When I was commanding the Second Brigade, Second Division of Cavalry Corps, Military Department of the Mississippi, while Colonel of the Twelve Indiana Cavalry (writes a friend in Western New York), there occurred a comical little incident, which I send you, and you are welcome to it for the drawer.

I was riding across Canal street, in New Orleans, not far from the bronze statue of Henry Clay. My Irish orderly rode up saying, as he pulled his forelock, "Does them N'Orleans like a nager so's t' put a statter of him in the most fashionable street they've got?" "That isn't a nigger Tom," said I; "that's the great Clay statue." "Might I go look at it?" Tom galloped off, on my permission, rode around the statue, dismounted, and clumped up on the granite pedestal; and then mounting his horse again, he soon overtook me.

"Did they tell yer that was clay?" said he, with every appearance of disgust.

"Yes," I said.

"Well, sir, it is a lie—it's iron!"

A Mother was hugging and kissing a "four-year-old," when she exclaimed, "Charley what does make you so sweet?"

Charley thought a moment, and having been taught that he was made out of dust of the ground, replied with a rosy smile:—

"I think, mother, God must have put a little tugar in the dust, don't you?"

John D. Defrees, of Indianapolis, Indiana, has published a letter against the election of Grant. To those who may read it, it will be sufficient to say that John D. Defrees was Government Printer, and that he is not now Government Printer. Of course the administration is corrupt, and things are out of joint if Defrees is not enjoying the best office in the country.

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